

LIST, YE LADIES.

[Prompted by the laudable desire to keep his columns thoroughly up-to-date and at the same time to promote national efficiency, Mr. Punch has resolved, in deference to repeated requests, to open a "Woman's Exchange Column," in which the legitimate curiosity of his fair readers will be fully and rationally gratified. The subjoined specimen inquiries and replies are accordingly submitted as a guide to intending correspondents.]

WHAT MANY GIRLS WANT TO KNOW.

"How can I break my engagement?" asks a correspondent, pathetically. "What is the best way to set about it?" Possibly some cynics may snort at the ingenuous candour of this question, but when we reflect that after all two lives may be wrecked by the perseverance in a course rashly adopted in a moment of expansion, compassion and not mockery should be aroused.

We fear, however, that no infallible remedy can be prescribed to solve this problem. Circumstances alter cases, and elopement can only be justified by results, or perhaps we should say, if the favoured swain is more eligible as well as more muscular than his rival. A few weeks earlier we should have been inclined to recommend swimming the Channel as a convenient means of extrication, but it is not all skins that will stand shark's oil supplemented by a coat of resin.—"AUNT SARAH."

TO-DAY'S INQUIRIES.

1. How can I cure my parrot (aged forty-five) of swearing?—VERONICA (Ashford).
2. What is the best way to make a Macedonia jelly?—Mrs. McTURG (Bexhill-on-Sea).
3. How can I make a horse and cabbage dumpling as in Germany?—HIPPO (Sadlers Wells).
4. What is the right way to extract the greatest amount of nourishment from a vegetable marrow-bone?—ANXIOUS HAIGITE (Poplar).
5. The figs on my tree never ripen. Would it be safe to make them into a fig pudding? My husband is a man of violent temper.—ANGELA (Peckham Rye).

TO-DAY'S REPLIES.

Cure for Laryngitis.—If anyone suffering from laryngitis, tonsilitis, or any kindred complaints, will put a heaped-up tablespoonful of red pepper into a half tumblerful of methylated spirits, light the liquid with a braided fusee and gargle for a quarter of an hour, the complaint will be completely and permanently cured. I can state positively that whenever and wherever the above remedy has been faithfully used, the sufferer has never complained of any recurrence of the symptoms, or indeed raised any complaint at all.—(Miss) WINNIE P. (Hanwell).



OMNE IGNOTUM PRO TERRIFICO.

"WOT'RE WE TTER DO, BILL? IF IT WUS ONLY A DOBO I'D CHAWKEE IT—BUT THEM THINGS!"

How to make a Chocolate Mould sit up.—If the mould is in a state of complete collapse, and the weather very warm, of course nothing can be done. But if it is only limp an injection of isinglass and shellac will work wonders. Failing that, it is best to prop up the mould with a small zareba of whalebone, which, however, must not be included in the portion served to each guest.—MARIA JOLY (Bangor).

AMBIGUOUS.—The visitors' book at a seaside resort contains the following entry:—"The Rev. — returned and was again made comfortable. The needs of an entomologist are simple, if generally numerous, but the landlord was indefatigable and successful in supplying all wants."

A NEWSPAPER asks the question, "Are yachtsmen rude?" We don't know, but they are certainly often in Solent.

DEFINITIONS.

A SPEECH may be delivered at any length, on any subject, at any distance from that subject.

When that which is said on one side of a question is equal to that which is said on the other side of the same question by the same speaker, the figure of speech is called Balfourian.

A half-sheet of notepaper has position and magnitude, but no weight.

A legal joke is that which possesses length and breadth, but is without point.

A snob is a superficial figure consisting of nothing but side.

A sermon is the longest distance between two points, namely, the point at which it begins, and the point at which it leaves off.

It is computed that £800 a year is received in fines from motorists at Andover. Why omit the aspirate?

THE SEAMY SIDE OF MOTLEY.

LADY, when we sat together,
And your flow of talk that turned
On the Peace, the Play, the Weather,
Left me frankly unconcerned,
I could see how hard you labour'd
Till your brain was stiff and sore,
Never having yet been neighbour'd
By so dull a bore.

Later on, from information
Gathered elsewhere after lunch,
You had got at my vocation,
Learned that I belonged to *Punch*,
And in tones of milk and honey
You invited me to speak
On the art of being funny,
Funny once a week.

Madam, though your heart, I know,
meant

Well—in its peculiar way,
Yet I could not, at the moment,
Find a fitting word to say;
I could not for love or money
Own, aloud, the quite unique
Strain of trying to be funny,
Funny every week.

'Tis a task that haunts me waking,
Like a vampire on the chest,
Spoils my peace, prevents my taking
Joyance in another's jest;
Makes me move abroad distracted,
Trailing speculative feet;
Makes me wear at home a rack'd head
In a sodden sheet.

Women hint that I am blinded
To their chaste, but obvious, charms;
Sportsmen deem me absent-minded
When addressed to feats of arms;
If the sudden partridge rises
I but rend the ambient air;
And the rabbit's rude surprises
Take me unaware.

Life for me's no game of skittles
As at first you might opine;
I have lost my love of victuals
And a pretty taste in wine;
When at lunch your talk was wasted,
Did you notice what occurred,—
How I left the hock untasted,
How I passed the bird?

If my wits were vaguely wandering,
Here must lie my poor excuse,—
They were in the act of pondering
O'er a *mot* for public use;
Theme (a horrid one)—the slaughter
Where the wells of Baku boil;
Joke—the need of pouring water
On the troubled oil.

Madam, haply you may miss it;
Mots ere now have fallen flat;
I could make it more explicit,
But we'll leave the thing at that:

Don't for *my* sake mar your beauty,
Tracking down the devious clue;
I have simply done the duty
I was bound to do.

Yet, if you would grant a favour,
In your orisons recall
One whose smile could scarce be graver
If his mouth were full of gall;
Let your lips (that shame the ruby)
Pray for mine all wan and bleak
With the strain of trying to be
Funny every week. O. S.

MILITARY NOTES.

[The announcement that the latest style of tunic adopted by the German Army is "cut like a blouse" has, it is said, aroused great interest at the War Office, and it is thought probable in many quarters that, at no very distant date, we shall see the idea adopted and very possibly developed in this country. If such is the case, the military notes of the future will, presumably, be couched in the following strain:—]

NEVER has the Dress Reform Committee of the War Office given us more striking proof of the excellence of its taste than in the latest issue of the *Army Fashions Intelligenceur*. Those amazingly clever modistic experts, Mesdames BLANCHE, ROSE and LILY, are ever on the *qui vive* for all that is new and *chic* in the world of dress, and it is mainly owing to their efforts that the British Army can now boast that it is the best dressed force in Europe. A few words on the latest ideas that have emanated from those active brains will probably not be unwelcome to our readers.

Especially fetching is the new mess jacket of the Ninety-ninth Hussars. Fashioned of a peculiarly effective cloud-grey estrella, it is made to fit closely at the waist, the coat being outlined daintily with deep orange velvet, which also appears on the prettily puffed sleeves. Over it the charmingly cut double collar fastens with *fichu* effect, crossing quite low down to show a V-shaped vest of Valenciennes lace. A swathed belt of taffetas is afterwards hooked over the left side and forms the finishing touch to what is really the daintiest uniform imaginable.

As is only natural, in the regiments of the Line a rather quieter tone is to prevail. The committee of experts, however, have left no stone unturned to make the uniforms as *chic* and attractive as possible consistently with lowness of price, and very well they have done their work. We cannot but hold, for example, that the Mudfordshires' new bolero, with its blue velvet-faced collar, strappings, and rows of little metal buttons, is a miracle of cheapness at 69s. 11d. Extremely reasonable, too, at

48s. 3½d. is the Slopshires' latest tunic, an exquisite creation in black chiffon, accordion pleated and lined with *glacé* silk, a relief to the dead black being afforded by *motifs* of jet.

Our American cousins have a taste that is not to be despised in the matter of *chausserie*, and the committee have done well to go to them for their designs for this all-important department of military clothing. Is not the new button boot, with patent kid golosh, of most attractive *ligné*? It has a well-cut heel, specially worthy of praise in that it maintains a graceful outline for the foot without being in the least fatiguing on the longest march, as a heel of narrower proportions is apt to be. Especially to be commended, too, are the latest evening shoes, in *glacé* kid with straps and plain silver buckles. Worn with the regulation openwork stockings they will look unutterably modish.

Next week there is to be a really enthralling display of the latest things in military headgear at the house of Messrs. CUTTER AND CAPP, the well-known firm of military outfitters. The unpopular service cap has now been replaced by a very fetching toque in Parsifal blue or Duck's-egg green cloth, with a *chou* of satin and a prettily curved quill, just imported from *la ville lumière*. Another captivating design is a hat in brown *glacé* ruched in squares, each square being finished with a wee velvet button. Raised on the head by means of a bandeau of green velvet it should prove a most practical and becoming *genre*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

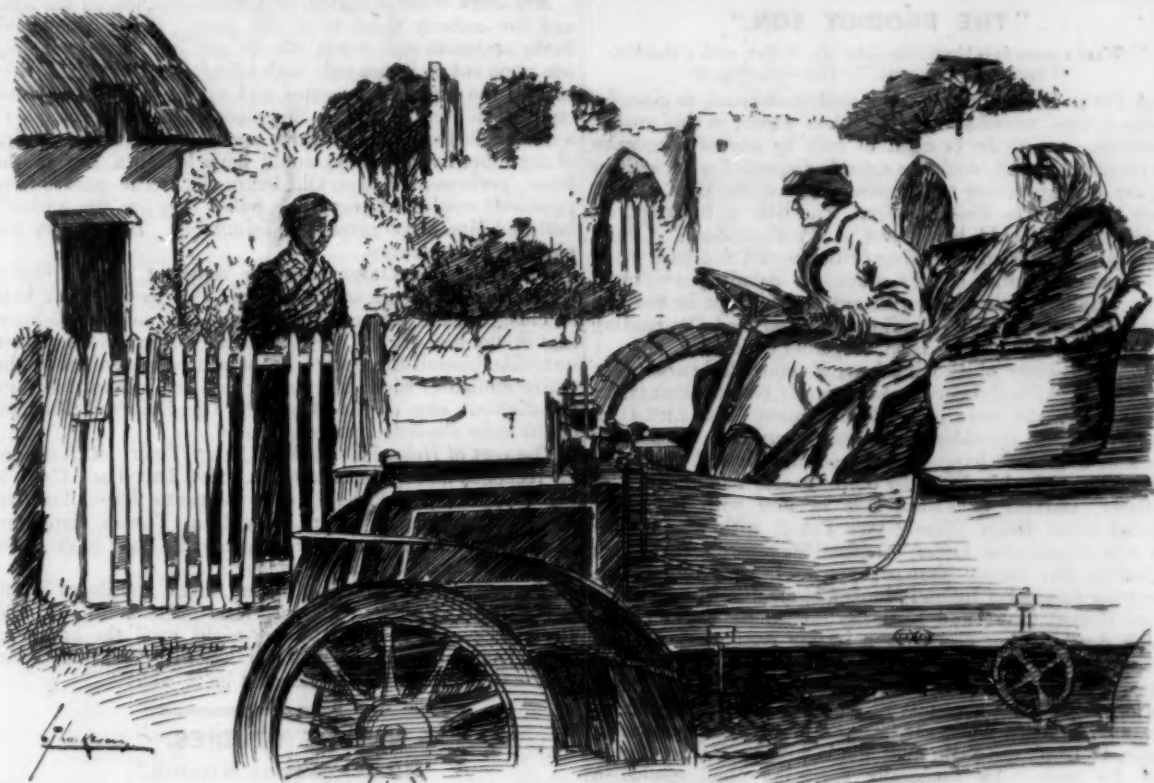
MAJOR.—We think you are very sensible to make your new uniform at home; it will certainly come far cheaper in the end. We can supply you with a paper pattern for 6s. 1d., post free, stamps with order. You need not fear any difficulty with the kiltings. If, as you say, your wife has a new machine it will turn them out quite easily, or they will be made by any one who does pinking, &c., for a few pence.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL.—We quite understand from what you tell us that the Dahlias and new Titian reds in your full-dress uniform do not go well with your complexion. As you intend to be in town for the next few days, we should strongly advise you to try a course of Mrs. BLENKINSOP's complexion treatment, which will effectively dissipate the roughness you complain of. When you return to camp, you should take with you her special "Beauty Chest," containing a tin of Lily cream, powder, peach bloom, lip salve, powder-puff, pencil, and a bottle of sunburn lotion. The price is only five guineas, and it is well worth the money.



"THE EDINBURGH REVIEW."

F.M. MacPhee. "I AM GLAD THAT YOU, SIR, TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE VOLUNTEERS."



THE AMERICAN RUSH.

American Tourist. "SAY. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO SEE OVER THE RUINS?"

Caretaker. "ABOUT AN HOUR, SIR."

American Tourist. "AND HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO TELL US ABOUT IT?"

MY COMEDY.

FAR from the loud and madding scene
Where trippers make high holiday,
O Reader, I have lately been
In silent travail of a Play;
A Comedy, which ought to run
For months—if I could get it done.

My plot is in the last degree
Funny; the stage has seldom heard
Such wit, such brilliant repartee.
I've done two Acts and half the
Third—

But, through a startling oversight,
I cannot get the climax right.

You see my leading lady, Z.,
Is wooed by X. (a knightly soul,
Whose qualities of heart and head
Acclaim him for a hero's rôle),
And Y. (a purely minor swain),
Who I proposed should love in vain.

Now, as at first the plot was hatched,
Z. would have sealed a lifelong bond
With X. (to whom I'm much attached);
And Y. (of whom I wasn't fond)
Would, by his agonies, emit
Some homely pathos for the Pit.

But Y., though otherwise designed,
Has burgeoned slowly from the start
Into the noblest of his kind,
With qualities of head and heart
That give him quite an equal claim
With that of X. to win the game.

And thus the basis of my plot
Has at the climax fallen through:—
I have *two* heroes now—there's not
A pin to choose between the two—
And, as my hero, one must win
The hand of Z., my heroine.

But, which? Were X. to gain his point,
The Public taste would never bear
His putting Y.'s nose out of joint,
Which plainly settles *his* affair!
Nor can I let the lady go
To Y., for that would spoil the Show!

That does for Y. In point of fact
It also seems to do for Z. !
And as in my concluding Act
I cannot let her go unwed,
It does for *me*! Which simply means
That everything's in smithereens.

It seems an obvious resource
To introduce a second bride

(Z.'s peer, in *all* respects, of course),
And thus get all the three supplied.
Or, failing that, to choose one's man
And kill him, seems the only plan.

But Z. "there *is* none like her, none!"
Z. is the concentrated blend
Of all I've ever loved, in one!
And though, no doubt, the sudden end
Of X. (or Y.) would solve the hitch,
Still there's the old conundrum—
Which?

O Reader, I would have you muse
On this obstructive point of mine,
And, if you find a likely ruse,
Don't hesitate to send a line!
This is a Play that ought to bring
In pounds—if I could end the thing.
DUM-DUM.

ALMOST CENT-HENARIANS.—"The following advertisement," says a correspondent, "might suit you":—

ON SALE, 80 year old HENS, good condition, from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. each.—*Bury Times*.

The advertisement suits us, but the hens would not.

"THE PRODIGY SON."

"What a game it is!" said the elder Mr. Weller, with a chuckle.
 "A reg'lar prodigy son!"—*Pickwick*, chap. xv.

A DRURY Lane drama is supposed to demand, as essential to its success, crowd and show, both of which, in this present instance, seem to be brought in only by way of concession to tradition, as they could be entirely dispensed with, without injury to, nay, rather to the advantage of, Mr. HALL CAINE's play entitled *The Prodigal Son*. The title is incorrect, as, evidently, it should have been *A Prodigal Son*. "*The Prodigal Son*, strictly speaking (which would not have much effect on the author of this drama), is definitely scriptural. This play has little to do with scripture, except in the last Act, where the prayer, offending not a few, and the reading of the Bible, should have been altogether omitted.

It is the story of two brothers, *Magnus Stephenson* (Mr. FRANK COOPER), and *Oscar Stephenson* (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER) in love with the same girl, *Thora Neilsen* (Miss LILY HALL CAINE), *Magnus*, the elder of the pair, sacrificing himself for the sake of *Thora's* happiness, and getting himself very generally disliked by his decidedly objectionable way of doing it.

Oscar, married to *Thora*, falls in love with his wife's wicked sister *Helga* (Miss NANCY PRICE), with whom, after he has ruined his father, *Stephen Magnusson* (in which character Mr. HENRY NEVILLE appears in full uniform as Governor-General of Iceland), broken his mother *Anna's* (Miss MARY RORKE) heart, and been the immediate cause of his wife's death in her confinement, *Oscar* goes away for five years. At the expiration of this period, we find *Oscar* and *Helga* together in one of Tom Tiddler's grounds, i.e. Monte Carlo, where, after a course of gambling and finally cheating, an awakened conscience causes its wobbling possessor, *Oscar*, to break the chain that binds him to *Helga* at once and for ever. An immorally reasoning Mephistophelian medical man, *Doctor Olsen* (Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE), much interested in the prodigal, prescribes suicide for *Oscar*. But when *Oscar* positively rejects this strong remedy, the Doctor, inspired by a "happy thought," discharges the pistol, pockets it, and calmly announces to the inquiring public that *Oscar* has committed suicide. As such an event need not stop the merriment of the evening the *bal masqué* proceeds, while *Oscar*—about whom as to "Where he goes Or how he fares Nobody knows and Nobody cares,"—makes a moonlight flitting.

Ten years elapse. *Oscar*, under the name of *Christian Christiansen*, has not only become a world-famous poet, but has also made a colossal fortune by his work! Here, indeed, is *The Prodigy Son*! *The Prodigal* has become *The Prodigy*. He returns home laden with money; nobody recognises him as *Oscar*; and, to put it shortly, after making every one happy, he is quitting his native land, when he is brought back by his brother, is welcomed by his mother, embraced by his daughter, who, not being the exceptionally wise child, does not know her own father when she sees him, and at the descent of the final curtain, it is to be inferred that *Oscar*, surrounded by this family circle, lives happily ever afterwards.

Now this is a drama without a sensation scene. What is wanted in "sensation" is supplied by tableaux, and by music in the orchestra furnished and conducted by Mr. J. M. GLOVER with all his usual energetic sympathy. But "sensation" is not missed when we have such excellent acting as is given us by Mr. FRANK COOPER impersonating the rough, honest, kindly brother, who is the real hero of the piece; by Miss MARY RORKE as the unobtrusive, affectionate mother; and by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE as the expansive Governor-General of Iceland, bearing himself as bravely as if he were a warrior of fifty, and looking some ten years younger than either of his sons.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD, a hostess in herself, supplies all the light and low comedy there is in the piece. She is wonderful. Risky sentences and words can be put into her mouth, and can come out of it, not only with safety, but so uttered as to compel the heartiest laughter and applause from a house crowded in every part. In this piece we have an example of a *casus belli* in an epigrammatic speech which from the lips of any other living actress would have led to a row in the house, perhaps even to an Old Drury riot. The part is comparatively small, but every line tells; they are the author's best, and Mrs. WOOD gives them inimitably. But for her the play would be sombre.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER plays the repellant part of *Oscar*, and carries it through triumphantly. But does he think he is so changed after fifteen years' absence that no one will know him in the last Act? Why, his *Oscar* returns home rather more like himself than ever! He is at once recognised by the entire audience, while his mother and his brother have not the slightest idea of his identity! The Returned Prodigal ought to be absolutely unrecognisable.

The part of *Helga* falls to Miss NANCY PRICE, but it cannot be reckoned among her successes. Miss LILY HALL CAINE is effective, perhaps sufficiently so, as the gentle *Thora*; but that she should afterwards appear as *Elin*, *Thora's* daughter, seems, as such an arrangement generally does, a dramatic mistake. She does it prettily enough.

The scenery by Messrs. McCLEERY, EMDEN, and BRUCE SMITH, is strikingly effective. The play has made a hit, and Old Drury is sure to be full up every night until the arrival of King Pantomime. "He may call himself CAINE," says Mr. ARTHUR C. L. L. N. B., "but as a dramatist he is 'able.'"

NATURE STUDIES.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

I HAVE come to the conclusion that no good reason exists why such products of human nature and human activity as are in their essence not merely alive but also susceptible of change and development should not occasionally be included in this series. The supply of animals faithfully studied and intimately known to me, though it is not exhausted, is yet strictly limited. I propose, therefore, to vary their description by that of an American periodical which has been for many years the pleasant companion of my leisure.

I shall not investigate the question of this great magazine's origin. It suffices for me that it exists and has achieved its six hundred and sixty-fourth number. A division by twelve in the approved method results by way of quotient in the surprising knowledge that it is now in its fifty-sixth year. If fifteen years was *grande mortalis ævi spatium*, what shall be said of fifty-six?—especially when it is remembered that these fifty-six cover the most stirring and fruitful period in the history of the American Republic. Before ABRAHAM LINCOLN was heard of *Harper's Monthly* existed; it passed through the great Secession struggle; witnessed the reconstruction period; flourished under the Presidencies of GRANT, and now lives vigorously in the mild and magnificent eye (to say nothing of the pince-nez and the flashing teeth) of THEODORE ROOSEVELT. It is a considerable record of mere existence, a brilliant one when the distinguished merits that have marked that existence are taken into account. Long may it continue to instruct, to interest, and to amuse!

Let me, however, proceed to consider some of the elements that go to the making up of my companion's character. There is Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, novelist, essayist, man of the world—*nil tetigit quod non ornavit*. He was once—I think my memory serves me right; I know I have been told that the penalties its lapses entail do so—he was once the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, and he still illuminates its columns. He has been writing in it about London and England, writing

with a grace, a peculiar charm, a vividness and a lightness both of touch and of fancy that would have conferred distinction upon the most brilliant magazine that even the rapt imagination of one of *Harper's* own poetesses could conceive in a moment of supreme exaltation. Besides, he is so reasonable and sane and human; shakes you by the hand (I speak in a literary sense) and links his arm in yours just as if you were the one friend he had been looking for through the wide world, and away you go with him on a voyage of delightful discovery through the murky streets of London or the hazy landscape of rural England. There never was so pleasant a guide or one who made you see so clearly and feel so keenly all the queer and fascinating beauties of our great city and our mother land. Hats off to Mr. W. D. HOWELLS!

I wonder if I am right in my conviction, carefully acquired from a perusal of *Harper's* pages, that all American poetesses own the name of JOSEPHINE? I cannot remember when the light of this knowledge first burst upon me, but now I hold it as an article of faith. It is a pretty name, obviously an American development of SAPPHO, and any poetess might be proud to be called by it even if American poetesses had not set the fashion in *Harper's Magazine*. Disguise in this matter is useless. It may happen that now and then one of *Harper's* poetesses tries to pass herself off as ETHEL or LOUISE or even as MARY or ALICE; but I know well enough that this is mere paltering and play. In sober earnest and in their poetical workshops they are all, without exception, JOSEPHINES.

Nothing in all *Harper's* strikes the heavy-minded Englishman with a greater astonishment than the extraordinary mass and variety of American women who write stories. I take up my *Harper* for September and I find stories by ARBEE MEGUIRE ROACH, ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL, OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, MARY R. S. ANDREWS, and MARY VAN VORST. From this list it will be seen, by the way, that if you happen to be a woman and want to write stories for *Harper's*, the rule is—Miss VAN VORST is not really an exception because the VAN ought to count—that you must have at least three names. Miss ANDREWS has four, but then she doesn't print them all in full as the trinomial ones do. Another sound rule is that your short story must have a HENRY JAMES feeling about it. It must read as if it was not absolutely complete in itself, but had in reality been extracted from a longer story, or even from a novel. The reader is not told anything about the characters; he is violently flung at their heads, without the semblance of an introduction, and is expected to know all about them and to take the



FORCE OF HABIT.

(Express stopping between Stations.)

Irate Motorist (to Guard). "ARE WE PUNCTURED?"

deepest possible interest in their variations of feeling or caprice. It's a little puzzling at first to come upon a story ('tis an effort of fancy, not an actual quotation from *Harper's*) that begins something after the following fashion:—"Tuesday morning found *Sigabee* still wearily engaged upon the old business. His look travelled from the waste of chimneys on which his window opened to a vagrant curl trailing coquettishly down the back of *Helen's* neck. He sighed and pushed the papers from him."

Mechanically your hand turns the leaves back so that you may discover the origins of these people, but it's quite useless. That is how the story starts, and you must take it or leave it at that.

A truce, however, to jesting. I know I wish September would hurry along so that I might get the six hundred and sixty-fifth number of *Harper's* and seek relaxation in its pages—and that is about the best compliment I can pay my old friend.

TOO MUCH STRAIN.

IN Music I may fairly claim
Some catholicity of taste,
For Music is to me a name
For anything that can be faced.

Like everybody else I know
I find it thrills me to the quick
To hear an oratorio
Or listen to a KUBELIK;

But that my range goes far beyond
These limits is my greatest boast,
In that I am extremely fond
Of things that don't appeal to most.

I simply love a German band;
I cannot think why people write
To curse the enterprising land
That sends these spirits of delight.

I dote upon the dulcet strains
That reach us through the party wall,
And really why my wife complains
I never can make out at all.

And yet, and yet, I must confess
My sympathy knows certain bounds;
My ears just now are in duress
To two quite independent sounds.

The time has deflected my song,
The clash has affected my nerves;
To start this new metre was wrong,
But the change in emergency serves.

Ah, this is too heavy a load,
I am rolling in pain on the floor;
There's the "Promise of Life" in the
road,
And the "Garden of Love" next
door!

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING.

A series of specimen letters designed to meet
the exigencies of ordinary life.

ASKING TO BE EXCUSED FROM WORK ON
ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS.

*Letter from a gas-fitter and plumber,
accidentally gored by a highly com-
mended bullock at the Agricultural
Hall, to his employer, explaining that
it will be impossible for him to be at
27, The Boltons, at 8 o'clock on Monday
morning to inquire into an impediment
in the sink, as arranged.*

41, Rosebery Buildings, Islington.
December 8, 1902.

TO MR. JAMES REDDED,

SIR,—Having met with an accident
which makes it impossible for me to
walk, I shall not be able to go to
Kensington on Monday. I hope to be
well again by the middle of the week.
With regret for the inconvenience I may
be causing you, Believe me,

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR PUTTEY.

OFFERING TICKETS.

*Letter from the widow of a rich soap-
boiler, living on Richmond Hill, whose
son is taking the part of the second
footman in an amateur performance
of "The School for Scandal," at the
Richmond Town Hall, in aid of the
funds of a Convalescent Home for the
children of reduced investors, to the
newly arrived lady at Vinolia Lodge
on the opposite side of the road, on
whom she has left cards, but who has
not returned the call, accompanying
tickets for the second row of the best
seats at the performance in question.*

The Nest, Richmond Hill.
January 14, 1903.

Mrs. GLOVER presents her compliments
to Mrs. PINSENT and begs her acceptance
of the enclosed tickets for Saturday
evening.

DECLINING TICKETS.

*Letter from the newly arrived occupant
of Vinolia Lodge, Richmond Hill, to
Mrs. GLOVER, a neighbour opposite,
whom she does not wish to know, but
who has left cards upon her and has
just sent over two tickets for the second
row of the best seats at an amateur
performance of "The School for
Scandal," in aid of the funds of a
Convalescent Home for the children of
reduced investors, in which her son is
playing the part of the second footman.*

Vinolia Lodge, Richmond Hill.
January 14, 1903.

Mrs. PINSENT begs to return Mrs.
GLOVER's tickets, as she makes it a fixed
rule never to witness amateur theatricals.

APPLYING FOR SITUATION.

*Letter from a youth of seventeen residing
with his parents, who are respectively
a bricklayer and a sempstress, at 13,
Nelson Row, Chatham, to a wealthy
Lieut.-Colonel, who owns a park in the
neighbourhood of Rochester, reminding
him of his need of an under-boots,
and suggesting the possession of many
qualifications for the post.*

SIR,—My aunt Mrs. MOODY, whose step-
daughter is scullery-maid at the Hall
and engaged to an ostler in your service,
tells me that you are in need of an
under-boots. I should be glad to serve
you in this position, for although I have
never filled such a situation before, my
grandfather used to supply milk to Mr.
MARTIN, of DAY AND MARTINS. I am at
present employed to scare rooks for
Farmer BLATHERWICK, who I am sure will
give me a good character. I think I
should give you terrible satisfaction, as
I am an early riser and have a large
appetite. I am fifteen next week and
very strong. I have a bass voice and
sing in the choir. Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM BURN.

REFUSING APPLICATION FOR INCREASE OF
SALARY (RISE).

*Letter from the manager of a firm of
patent medicine makers, who have a
popular pill much in demand among
pillionaires, to a clerk of a year's
standing, with red hair and a slight
stutter, who has had the audacity to
suggest that twenty-five shillings a
week is an insufficient sum on which
to support life.*

17, Pilltry, E.C.

SIR,—We are unable to entertain your
request for a rise in your salary, and for
the following reasons. On the 3rd inst.
you came in three-quarters of an hour
late; on the 9th you absented yourself
on the plea that your youngest child was
suffering from convulsions; on the 13th
you asked and obtained permission to
attend the funeral of your wife's sister.
We have since discovered, by the aid of
our research assistant, that you are a
bachelor, and that you spent the greater
part of the 9th inst. at Kempton Park.

But while we are unable to accede to
your proposal, we are so favourably
impressed by your fertility of resource
and command of language that we
propose to transfer you to the advertise-
ment department, when it will be your
duty to compile testimonials in praise of
the efficiency of our pills.—Faithfully
yours,

SANDSTONE AND WIGG.
pp. WALTER SWEEP.

ANSWERING AN INVITATION INTENDED FOR
SOMEONE ELSE.

*Letter from Mrs. JONES, residing at "The
Elms," North Hill, Putney, the widow
of a Major of Volunteers who resigned
his commission in consequence of his
refusal during some manoeuvres to
comply with the order that Volunteer
bands should not play when in ambush,
to Mrs. PENNEFATHER, a total stranger,
explaining how it came about that she
had opened a letter addressed to Mrs.
JAMES, who lives in the same road.*

Mrs. JONES presents her compliments
to Mrs. PENNEFATHER and regrets that
she is unable to accept her kind invita-
tion to dinner on the 14th inst., though
I am disengaged on that date, owing to
the postman's mistake, who delivered it
here instead of to Mrs. JAMES, the wife
of the dentist, who lives at "The Gums"
a few doors lower down.

CONGRATULATIONS ON ENGAGEMENT.

*Letter from a young lady who, having
been engaged to a gentleman for three
years, has been badly jilted in favour
of an acquaintance, to that acquaint-
ance, on the public announcement that
she and the gentleman are engaged.*

Belle Vue, Sydenham Hill.

DEAREST MILLY,—I wish you joy.
Your sincere friend, PHYLLIDA WING.



COURTESY AND COUNTER-COURTESY.

SCENE—A Third-class Railway Smoking Carriage.

Lady (just seated, to Workman, who is knocking ashes out of his clay). "PLEASE DON'T STOP SMOKING."
Workman. "NO. I BE JUST A-GOIN' TO FILL AGAIN!"

IL RUSTICO.

(From a Highland Inn.)

HENCE, stuffy, stifling town,
 The godless work of man's ungainly
 hand,
 Where toils the pallid band
 Of city slaves, effete and trodden down!
 Hence, with your tubes and trains,
 That through the bowels of the earth do
 tear,
 Filling the poisoned air
 With horrid shrieks and sounds and
 smells unholy,
 Through darkness black and coaly,
 Where tortured mortals curse their
 aching brains.

But hail, ye Highlands, fair and bright,
 Birchen-clad and heather-dight!
 Hail, Schiehallion's noble ridge,
 Hail, delights of Tummel Bridge,
 Where tumbling Tummel, all a-foam,
 Fresh from his mist and mountain home,
 Brawls evermore by rock and boulder
 Around the great ben's mighty shoulder.

Here let me at my length be spread,
 Bog-myrtle, heath and thyme my bed,
 To breathe the breath of heaven that
 blows

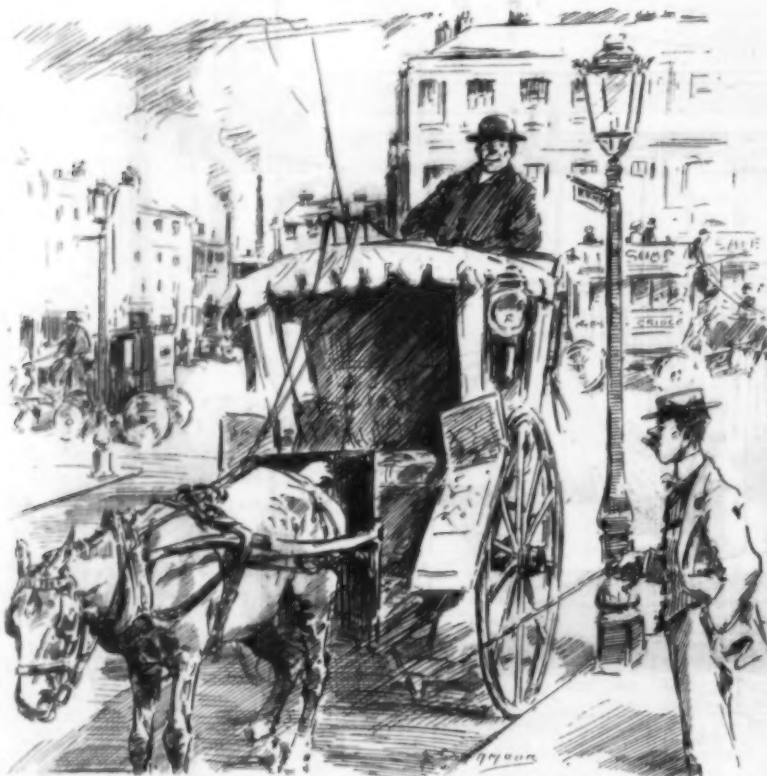
Straight from the land of cloud and
 snows.

Here let me watch the waters plash,
 And mark the sportive troutlet flash,
 Or from some stilly peat-black deep
 See a silver salmon leap;
 While, as I laze upon the hill,
 Let PHYLLIS' dainty fingers fill
 With fragrant weed the briar bowl
 That soothes and solaces my soul;
 And mindful of her other task,
 May she tilt the gurgling flask,
 And with allaying Tummel tame
 The mellow fire of Scotland's flame;
 Till when the golden sunset sky
 Proclaims the hour of dinner nigh,
 When snell and nipping grows the air,
 We hungry to the inn repair,
 Whose hospitable door stands wide
 To hint a table well supplied
 With grouse and other Highland messes
 Which the neat-handed hostess dresses.

Here amid the gathering gloom
 Ghostly memories haunt the room.
 Hither, once upon a time,
 JOWETT in his golden prime
 From the Isis loved to lead
 Bands of chosen spirits to read.
 Oft these walls have heard of yore
 Subtle talk of PLATO's lore,
 And subtle worldly wisdom too
 From the Master's mind who knew
 Things of heaven and things of earth.
 Nor was wanting gayest mirth,
 For often at the side of JOWETT
 Sparkled A. C. S., the poet,
 From whose inspired and tuneful lip
 Fell startling paradox and quip,
 Or tale of *Mrs. Gamp*, once more
 To set the table in a roar.

These delights as thou canst give,
 Tummel Bridge, by thee I'd live.

NO OTHERS NEED APPLY.—"Wanted, a
 VEGETABLE GROOM, who can neither read
 nor write."—*Haverfordwest and Milford
 Haven Telegraph.*



CHAFF.

Would-be "Knowing One" (who has been chaffing Cabman about the horse). "WON THE DERBY, DIDN'T 'E?"
Cabman. "E DID—TWICE!"

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the SULTAN, always jealous of his rights, is taking steps to prevent a continued encroachment on a monopoly of his. He is stated to have protested to the Russian Government against the recent massacres of Armenians.

At all the villages around Czarskoe Selo arrangements are being made for providing winter quarters for large numbers of Cossacks. These cantonments will form a close cordon round the Imperial residence. The Czar, however, denies that he intends to attempt to escape.

Upon leaving New York, M. WITTE, in addressing a party of newspaper men, stated that never before had it been so forcibly impressed on him that the pen was mightier than the sword. We should have thought that some of the despatches of the Russian Commanders-in-Chief gave the lie to this assertion.

To show her disapproval of the Peace

terms, the *Mikasa* has committed harakiri.

A well-known firm of picture post-card manufacturers writes to a contemporary putting forward the pretty proposal that "every individual who appreciates the untiring efforts of President ROOSEVELT on behalf of humanity at large, which have culminated in so splendid a success," should send him a picture post-card with a line of congratulation.

President ROOSEVELT's repeated exhortations to his countrymen to have big families is having a curious effect. An epidemic of bigamy has broken out, and it may become necessary for the PRESIDENT to issue an explanatory statement to the effect that he wishes to see families of children, not of wives.

The doctors and warders at Carmarthen Prison have been much puzzled to decide whether a German prisoner there, who remains as motionless as a statue, is shamming, or is the victim of a strange disease. Our own opinion is that he is neither. He is merely attempting to

carry out the instructions given to his countrymen in the Baltic to be dignified in the presence of Englishmen.

Miss KELLERMAN, it is said, ate two chickens during her swim in the Seine last week. The local ducks are congratulating themselves on their escape.

The Bishop of MANCHESTER declares that if the people will not come to the Church the Church must go to the people, and follow them to their week-end resorts. It is, we hear, proposed to make a start by supplying golf-links with missionaries, who will sing a short hymn after each drive. In the event of a fizzle the hymn will be sung with extraordinary vigour in order to drown any lay remarks that may be made.

All the cats in the town of Frankfort, Kentucky, were ordered by the local Board of Health to be killed, because they were held responsible for the introduction of an epidemic of diphtheria. We hear that they died stoutly protesting their innocence, and bringing the wildest accusations against dogs.

Grave dissatisfaction is being expressed in the animal world at the omissions from the Drury Lane programme, which mentions everyone else who appears in the *Prodigal Son*, but fails to give the names of the sheep who take part in the piece.

French official statistics show that there are 17,107 motor-cars in France, and 3,355,155 dogs. This works out at 196²/₁₇₁₀₇th dogs apiece, which nobody can deny is a generous allowance.

A QUESTION.

"Indigestion in grouseland during the shooting season," says a contemporary, "is unheard of and unknown."

Good food for thought is offered here,

If to research you have a leaning,

For simple though the words appear

They have a double-barrelled meaning.

The shooter is it, or the shot

Whose cause a friendly fate espouses?

Whose is this enviable lot—

The sportsman's or the little grouse's?

The Church Militant.

OKHAMPTON (NEAR).—RECTORY, situated high, in extensive grounds, to LET for three or four weeks; £1 weekly to clergyman taking light Sunday duty. Donkey and jungle shooting.

Donkey shooting should alone mitigate the disadvantages of any rectory, but when jingle (? jungle) shooting is added, who could resist? A chance for a minor cannon.



BEWILDERED.

MR. BULL (utterly puzzled). "WHAT ON EARTH'S THE USE OF A SIGN-POST LIKE THIS?"

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Visitor. "WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE I SHALL FIND A SEAT?"

Verger. "WEEL, SIR, THERE'S A GUID WHEEN VERVISITORS IN INVERNESS THE NOO; SO SIT WHAUR YE CAN SEE YER UMBRELLA!"

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

I ROSE at dawn. The silent leas
Were dressed in dewy spangles,
A pleasant breeze bestirred the trees
(Important when one angles).
I waded out into the stream,
By yellow pool and torrent,
And falls that gleam like curdled cream
(Whose chill was most abhorrent).

Smiling to think (the crisis past)
Of sluggards on their pillows,
I raised my cast and caught it fast
Upon some hanging willows;
My buoyant hope some fathoms sank;
It was a bright beginning,
Yet up the bank through rushes dank
I bravely started shinning.

I freed the gut (the branches tied
Long arms around my shoulder),
Then stepping wide sat down and tried
Conclusions with a boulder.
(The fools who praise that greenish gloss
One gets in river views, if
They'd slipped across some slimy moss,
Would not be so effusive.)

Rebounding with undaunted pluck
I mopped my streaming features;
Once more—worse luck—those flies
were stuck,
Once more I cleared the creatures;
For hours I flung that feathered sham,
For hours the "finny nations"
Unheeding swam; they cared no whit—
For worthless imitations.

Then poising on some sharpish rocks,
And 'ware that winged legions
From shirt to socks devoured in flocks
My more unguarded regions,
I said, "You too might seek a meal;"
I did, and lo! the hand which
With sanguine zeal explored my creel
Came back without a sandwich.

What had I done to suffer so?
I rose and flogged the water;
The sun grew low; I would not go;
I felt the lust of slaughter:
Onward I splashed with sodden soles
And saturated uppers,
While startled voles resumed their holes,
And went without their suppers.

Then, as the sinking daylight sought
Its screen of mountain ridges,
And Evening brought her mood of
thought
Accompanied by midges,
I rose at last a tardy trout,
(I never threw so neatly)
Two pounds no doubt—I grazed his snout
And missed the brute completely!

▲ Double Difficulty.

Foggy morning in September.

Head Keeper. It's no use shooting to-day, Sir. They can't see we, and we can't see they. Can us?

Mrs. DUNDERHEAD was dreadfully startled by the following item of news in one of our leading journals a few weeks ago:—"The Royal Special Train ran into the Victoria Station."

A RARE BARGAIN.—"Officials for sale. Board of Education, 5d. Government parcels, set of five, 7s. 9d.; all guaranteed genuine."—*Exchange and Mart.*

GEORGE AGAIN.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Ambleside, Monday.—I made GEORGE'S acquaintance when last at Windermere, two years ago. Entry made at the time in this Diary of his strange experiences and his wise sayings; how out in stormy seas by Morecambe Bay his sole companion in the fishing lugger was washed overboard; how sometime later GEORGE, mastering his emotion at loss of a cherished companion, characteristically resumed business operations; how, hauling up the net, he was cheered by its unaccustomed weight; how his thoughts turned sadly to his lost mate and his fountained opportunity of sharing in the proceeds of the haul; how with herculean effort he landed the net on the deck, and behold! enmeshed in it was the lost JIM, apparently, like DOUGLAS GORDON, "drowned in the sea."

Always practical, GEORGE laid his prize out on the deck and proceeded, in accordance with familiar directions, to "bring him round." So vigorously did he carry on the process, that the hapless JIM spent the succeeding fortnight in hospital, victim of a fractured rib. When GEORGE undertakes to do a particular job he does it thoroughly. But on reflection JIM prefers being drowned.

A born seaman, with long lineage of sailor forbears, GEORGE is never so happy as when aboard his lugger under a stiff breeze off Morecambe, or on the *Anita* in the changing circumstance of Windermere winds, which blow where they list without notice of sudden, frequent, change. Single-handed he controls the buoyant boat, as a skilled rider sits and guides a restive thoroughbred. GEORGE admits that the master, as becomes the Vice-Commodore of the Yachting Club, can handle a boat in any weather. But he laments a tendency on his part to share his affection with the *Phantom*, a commodious steam-launch, which upon hospitable occasion has been known to accommodate forty guests.

On Sunday mornings the Vice-Commodore is accustomed to go about "making a collection" in quite new fashion. It is a far cry by road from Ambleside and Lowood to Wray Church. As the crow—or rather the seagull—flies across the Lake it is, by steam-launch, a ten-minute voyage. So the Vice-Commodore, always intent on doing kind things, sets out early on Sunday morning in the *Phantom*, "collects" friends and neighbours waiting at their various private landing-places, and delivers them, carriage unpaid, at the pier by Wray Castle.

That is very well in its way. Still GEORGE is constrained to admit that he "doesn't think much of them lanches." In idle moments he has estimated the amount of coal the *Phantom* burns in a

day. It is really ruinous. Becomes monstrous when contrasted with the absolute freedom from analogous charges enjoyed by the fleet-footed *Anita*. Then there is steering the launch. GEORGE can take the *Anita* up to any pierhead or any boat or buoy afloat, almost without necessity of using the boat-hook. But there are two to work in "them lanches"—the blue-jacket at the tiller, the engineer in charge of the engine. Just as the tiller is touched with sure intent of bringing the launch alongside, the engine either forges ahead or gives a stroke astern, and where are you?

GEORGE still leads a dual life, both phases full of strenuous work sedulously performed. When the yachting season is over at Windermere he tacks back to Morecambe Bay, ready to put out in all kinds of weather, a-fishing in his own little lugger. If there were room for a glimmer of conceit in this shrewd, simple nature, it would betray itself in reference to the fact that the seasons have no influence upon his sartorial habits. Summer and winter, in sunshine or snow, he wears the same clothes—trousers of rough pilot cloth and "a jarsey" (usually spelt jersey). In these, with contented mind and healthy body, he fronts any fortune the revolving seasons bring.

GEORGE more or less gratefully accepts whatever gifts the sea may yield to his net—including, as we have seen, an occasional half-drowned mate. His speciality is shrimps. He will take prawns if they come. But, to be quite frank, "give him shrimps." With characteristic loyalty he holds the opinion that no shrimp caught in any sea can compare with your real Morecambe Bay native. That this is not prejudice is established by the fact that the brand commands the market, bringing pennies a quart above the price of meaner brethren.

And here comes the rub. Germany steps in and robs the Bay fishermen of the fruits of their patrimony. Of course Germans may not fish in Morecambe Bay. But they have in or near their own coasts a thing they, in their own language, presumptuously call a shrimp. This they pot and send over to England, where it is feloniously labelled "Morecambe Bay Shrimps," and by the unwary is entertained as such.

The consequence is seen in reduction of price of the real article. Time was, and yet lingers in GEORGE'S glowing memory, when a quart of *vrai* Morecambe Bay shelled shrimps brought half-a-crown. Now a pampered middleman proffers eightpence. You may take it or leave it. Shrimps flourish in the waters of Morecambe Bay; but they are also "made in Germany."

Whether it be due to patriotic tenacity in holding on to office displayed by Mr.

BALFOUR and his Ministerial colleagues, or whether it be apprehension as to what may follow upon the apparently inevitable succession to office of C. B., are matters GEORGE does not discuss. The fact remains that the fishing business is not what it used to be. He remembers hearing his grandfather relate how it was his custom of an afternoon to put out a few miles to sea, casually spread his net, and bring it up "full of herrin's." Now there isn't a herring within hail of Morecambe.

The profits of sail-making, adjunct to the income of sturdy fisher-folk, have also gruesomely fallen off. Moreover, German competition affecting the sale of shrimps adversely influences the business of shelling undertaken by female members of the family. This reflection brings to GEORGE memories of his mother. He speaks of her with the tenderest affection. But his port uplifts, his honest eyes gleam with pride, when he recalls how she could in an hour shell more shrimps than any woman dwelling by the Bay.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

I.

AN advertisement recently put in the *Glasgow Herald* asking for a lad who could write shorthand and manipulate the typewriter, produced the following reply:—"I notice your advertisement in the *Glasgow Herald*. In reply to same I am not a shorthand writer, neither can I manipulate the typewriter, but at the interview which I am sure you will grant, I flatter myself I can prove to you that I have other abilities which will far outweigh the want of knowledge in regard to shorthand and typewriting. I had a certificate of merit, but I burnt it, as I did not consider that my abilities should rest upon the opinion therein expressed by a third party."

II.

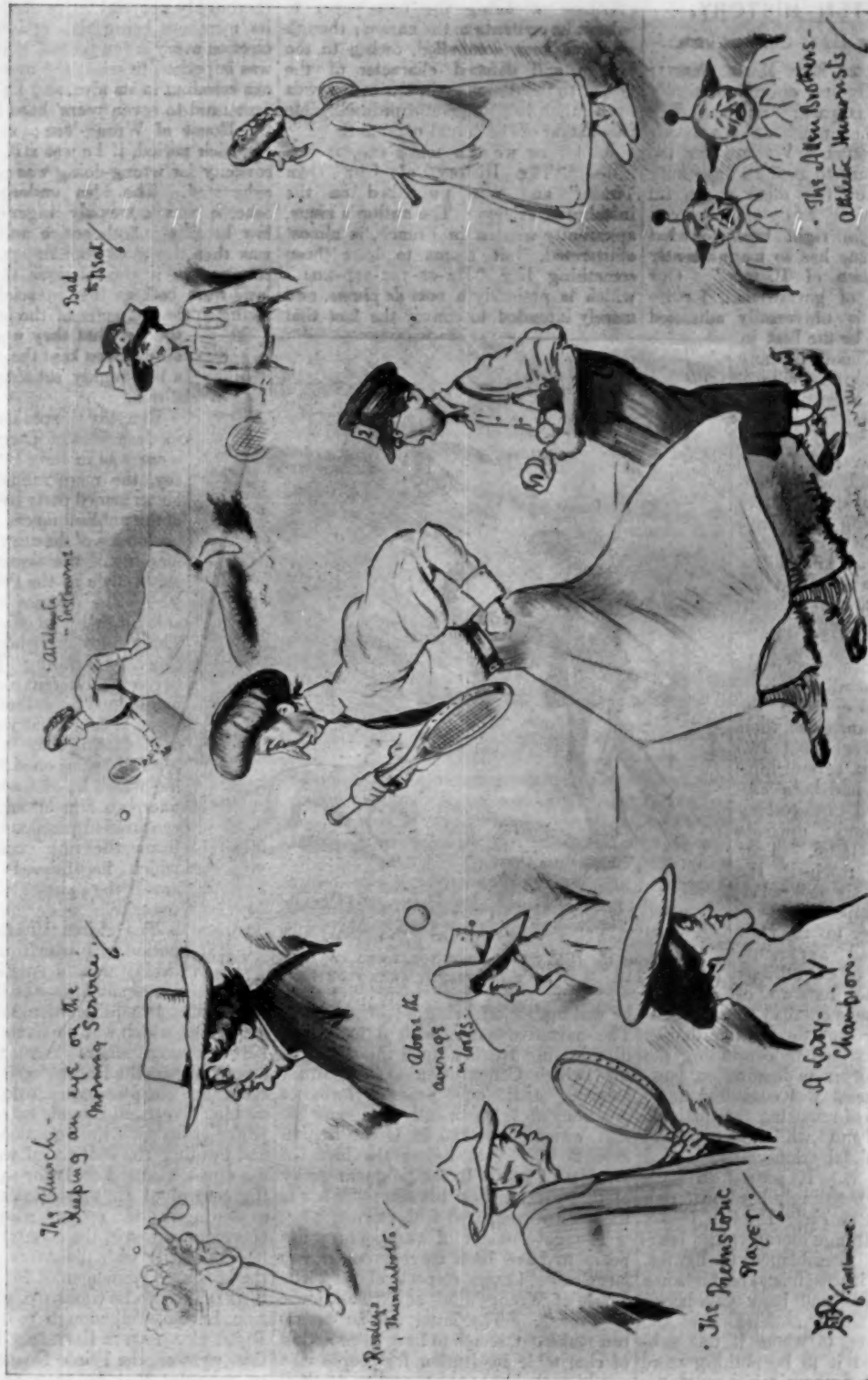
TOM (aged five and a-half) was interested in Natural History. He had already spent several mornings taking the slugs and snails out of the fishpond for the benefit of the fishes' health. The other morning he ran up to his mother's room with his pinafore wet through and his hands undried.

"Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I've been putting back all the slugs I could find into the pond, because I read in Wood's *Natural History* that carp thrive best in sluggish water."

III.

Tommy (in perplexity over his sums). I say, Mummy, I wish I was a rabbit! Mother. Why, dear, do you want to be a rabbit?

Tommy. 'Cause father says they multiply so fast.



OUR ARTIST'S "NET" PROFITS.

NOTES AT THE EASTBOURNE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

FORGOTTEN HISTORY.

THE STORY OF HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND.

"THE past," as Miss MARIE CORELLI has so truthfully and epigrammatically expressed it, "is past;" and we often fail to realise how much we owe to our forgotten ancestors. We are far too ready to attribute to modern ingenuity the invention of our more successful modern institutions, many of which can trace their origin right back to what the Poet Laureate has so magnificently called "the dawn of History." Our present system of government, for instance, which is universally admitted in England to be the best in the world, is not by any means the mushroom edifice, founded on the Magna Charta, that most people suppose it to be. Recent discoveries in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, where considerable excavations have lately been taking place, have brought to light some interesting antiquarian knowledge, which has shown us that the British Constitution is, comparatively speaking, in its dotage.

The discoveries were made in a most romantic manner, fully in keeping with the sensational character of their revelations. For about two and a-half years several hundred workmen had been usefully employed in tearing up the roadway opposite the Horseshoe Hotel. They had already reached the depth of some six feet, when work was temporarily suspended, owing to the fact that they had apparently struck a layer of exceedingly hard soil, the removal of which would have entailed such tremendous exertion, that those in authority scarcely felt justified in continuing the work. By a fortunate inspiration, however, Mr. BRODRICK was consulted as to the best means of removing the obstinate impediment; and with a couple of happily-worded telegrams he succeeded in dislodging it. It proved to be a large slab of exceedingly hard material, probably brick or early English bread, covered with strange hieroglyphics bearing a remote resemblance to figures. At first sight it was mistaken for some form of old-fashioned bank pass-book; but the antiquarian authorities at the British Museum, to whom it was submitted, declared it to be nothing more or less than an authentic history of the British Constitution between the years

19,005 and 19,000 B.C. We have the privilege of being the first paper to submit its contents to the nation; though we have been compelled, owing to the broken and defaced character of the tablet, to tell its story in our own words rather than in a literal and unintelligible translation of the actual narrative.

As far as we can make out, it was called "The History of Our Own Times," and was published on the instalment system. The author's name, apparently written in French, is almost obliterated, but seems to have been something like "HE-OF-THE-RED-HILL," which is probably a *nom de plume*, and merely intended to convey the fact that



Voice from the Hill. "NOW THEN, YOU YOUNG COWARD, DON'T STAND ABOUT ALL DAY. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT AWAY FROM THE DOG?"

he was not far off being a "bright 'un." The narrative starts with a brief but illuminating treatise upon the nature of the British Constitution at that time; showing that our present form of government is practically the same as that which flourished in Great Britain over 20,000 years before the birth of Mr. HALL CAINE. In the poignant query of that great author himself: "What is time, when compared with eternity?"

The government of the country appears to have been carried on in two large caves, known respectively as "The House of Wrong-'uns" and "The House of Frauds." The latter, as far as we can make out, seems to have been a kind of charitable institution for people who would probably have starved to death if compelled to work for their living. The

House of Wrong-'uns, however, was thoroughly representative of the nation, its members being returned by public election every seven years. Each district was supposed to select the most dangerous criminal in its area, and he was then sentenced to seven years' hard labour in the House of Wrong-'uns; at the end of which period, if he was still alive, his capacity for wrong-doing was practically exhausted. The idea underlying this scheme was extremely ingenious; for law breaking, both active and passive, was then the most popular sport in the country, so it was obvious that if the laws were bad, as they invariably were, owing to the character of the legislators, the fact that they were invariably broken kept the country in a thoroughly satisfactory condition.

Roughly speaking, the modern idea of party government was in force: that is to say, the more numerous and better armed party held control of the public finances under the leadership of the most powerful member of the assembly, who was known as the Prime Monster. The debates were presided over by an official called The Squeaker, whose duties consisted of calling "Time" between the different rounds. He maintained his authority by the possession of what was known as the casting vote—a large and carefully sharpened flint javelin, which he cast with almost unerring aim at anyone who ventured to question his ruling. From the rare occasions on which he missed probably arose the phrase "A near squeak."

The Prime Monster, at the period with which the tablet deals, was a distinguished statesman known as HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND. His designation, however, in follytricks, which was the name by which Parliamentary affairs were generally described, was the Right Horrible ARTFUL BAFFLER, a complimentary title bestowed on him as a tribute to his extraordinary power of dodging the Squeaker's javelin and evading the well-aimed weapons of the Opposition. The latter were under the control of HE-WHO-CARRIED-THE-FLAG, a distinguished orator who wielded enormous power in the country owing to his popularity with the Army, and bore the honoured cognomen of Sir CANWELL-SHAMAMAN. So he could too, upon occasion, but not well enough to deceive the Right Hor. ARTFUL BAFFLER. In fact, as time went on, the Prime Monster became so powerful that he even aroused the jealousy of his own side, a large portion

of whom rebelled against his authority under the leadership of HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE. The latter was an ambitious chieftain, who believed firmly in the motto, "Nothing venture, nothing win"; so the tactics which he and his friends adopted to destroy the power of the Prime Monster were popularly known as the "Riskall Follycy." As far as we can learn from the tablet, it consisted of a determined attempt to keep out the supply of immigrants, furs, and flint instruments, which were being imported from Germany by the Anglo-Saxons; for, as HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE was never tired of pointing out, that race were a miserable set of foreigners who had no right on this planet at all.

How this great rebellion ended, and

Here at the end of the parade
(No doubt it's disinfected)
I catch the smell of fish decayed—
"Ozone?"—I stand corrected.

The gay hours fly, no moment limps,
Too soon the day is ended;
Homeward we go to tea and shrimps—
"To dine?"—You're not offended?

I hope forgiveness you'll extend,
These side-slips don't be hard on;
A charming place is gay Southend—
"Westcliff?"—I beg your pardon.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

AMATEUR.—To make hens pay, you can, of course, take out a County Court summons in the usual way, but you must

house is certainly an Ancient Light, and if you were to attempt to build your flats round it you could be stopped by an interim injunction. Try another site.

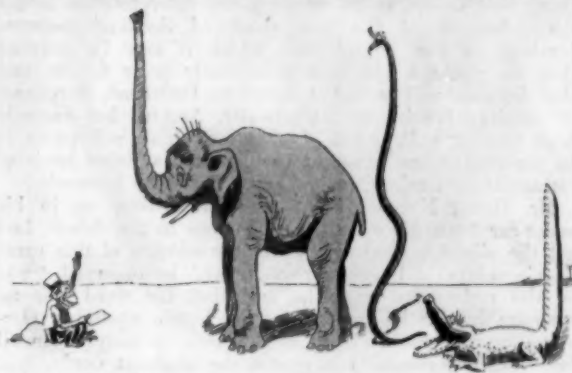
MERECAT.—For a cat to look at a King is not an indictable offence. If the look implies a threat of personal violence amounting to intimidation, the King would be justified in having the cat forcibly ejected.

WORM.—A Bee-hive is not a public place within the meaning of the Act.

BUNNY.—You must submit plans, elevations, and sections of the proposed rabbit-hutch to the County Council. If the rabbits sleep in the hutch, an iron ladder in case of fire must be provided giving access to the roof.



Mr. Monk (at the Jungle Election Meeting). "ALL THOSE
IN FAVOUR, PLEASE SHOW—"



—IN THE USUAL WAY."

whether HE-OF-THE-GLASS-EYE proved too strong for HE-OF-THE-OPEN-MIND, is a matter which in all probability will never be cleared up; for unfortunately one of the workmen, while attempting to shift the tablet, had placed his foot upon it in order to get a good leverage, and thereby obliterated about a yard and a-half of these priceless hieroglyphics. We have presented our readers, however, with sufficient of the narrative to encourage them, we trust, to visit the British Museum and study this unique record for themselves; for, in the deathless phrase of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD: "If you plough at all, plough deep."

SOLECISMS.

["We live at Westcliff-on-Sea, not Southend."
—Extract from a letter.]

WHEN backward creeps the surging flood,
In noble thoughts I lose me,
Gazing entranced across the mud—
"The beach?"—You will excuse me?

You noble bark the wild wave stems,
By wind and tide hard driven,
Fighting the fury of the Thames—
"The sea?"—Am I forgiven?

remember that an egg is not evidence of means.

DISTURBED.—You say the child is only six weeks old, and keeps you awake at night. What remedy have you? As the child has no visible means of support, why not deal with it under the Vagrancy Act?

DILEMMA.—Taking a bull by the horns does not constitute a technical assault, and the plea of self-defence would be a sound one; on the other hand a red rag would certainly be regarded as a provocation on your part. We cannot advise on the probability of success, as the result of any action taken by the bull would be a mere toss-up.

SIMPLE LIFE.—(i.) Your friend is quite mistaken. A man cannot just as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, in this country; this is due to the fact that he cannot be hanged for either. (ii.) A horse, on being led to the water, is acting within its rights in refusing to drink thereof.

PASSENGER.—A Railway Company's legal charge for travelling on the roof of a carriage is, (i.) Not less than 40s. any distance, (ii.) One month (free).

SPECULATOR.—The Eddystone Light-

THE NO-HAT CRUSADE.

(An appeal to sundry young lady-pioneers
observed at the seaside lately.)

COME, ladies of the Bare Brigade,
Desert the pier and esplanade,
Where, hatless and unkempt, you've
strayed,

For now has come the wane of summer;
The clerk with nothing on his head
Back to his office-stool has fled,
The undergarb will soon be sped,
A "shop" will claim the resting mummer.

Old-fangled folk may look askance
At your unorthodox advance,
The scribbler seize his annual chance
And scarify you in the D. T. !
The ladies' hatter may go mad,
As trade is going to the bad;
You do not care—and yet we'll add
A note of desperate entreaty !

Come home—your time is overdue !
We have a place, a use for you,
A mighty mission to pursue—
We breathlessly abide the issue;
You'll find it in the stalls and pit,
Where Man has vainly plied his wit,
Endeavouring to cope with It—
And there, I greatly fear, we'll miss you !

A GREAT LITERARY MYSTERY.

SPECULATION is still riotously rife in literary circles as to the meaning of *Carniola*, the title chosen by Mr. WATTS-DUNTON for his famous new forthcoming romance, and our representative, on calling at the Authors' Club last Saturday, found that the premises had been open night and day for the last week to enable a debate on the subject to proceed continuously.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, who was intercepted by our representative just as he was starting to catch the Flying Scotchman, courteously granted a few words of illuminative comment on the great question of the day. "*Carniola*," he said, "is not and has nothing to do with any form of extract of meat. My theory is this—I give it you for what it is worth—that this word is an anagram for *Craniola*, i.e. little craniums, and affords a clue to the contents, which will, I believe, turn out to be a scathing satire on the epidemic of swelled-head from which so many politicians, publicists, and theologians are now suffering. The only thing that causes me to waver in this interpretation is that the fishermen of the east coast of Scotland measure herrings by the 'cran,' from which it may be deduced that the romance will have a decidedly briny flavour, and that the scene will be laid at Aberdeen, Peterhead, Burghead, or possibly Lossiemouth, where Mr. ASQUITH has recently been playing golf. 'Iola,' I incline to think, will prove to be the euphonious name of the heroine, a fisher lassie of extraordinary fascinations and supra-Borroviau *bonhomie*."

Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., who had driven up in his motor-car from his constituency to join in the debate, had not the slightest hesitation about the solution of this great cosmic riddle. "Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL," he observed, "was on the right scent when he said that the word was an anagram, but he has rearranged the letters wrongly. *Carniola*—why it simply leaps to the eyes—is simply 'An oil car!' The romance, I have not the slightest doubt, will prove to be the most splendid apotheosis of the motoring industry that has yet been perpetrated."

Mr. C. K. SHORTER, also adhering to the anagram theory, expressed his belief that *Carniola* = *Calinora*, i.e., beautiful NORA, and that the heroine would prove to be of Irish extraction, "unless, indeed," added Mr. SHORTER, "we are to rearrange the letters '*Lira cano*,' i.e., 'O lyre, I sing,' or possibly '*Cara Nilo*,' which would of course suggest an Egyptian atmosphere, with a background of pyramids, donkey-boys and similar amenities."

Meantime we are assured that "*Carniola*" soap, an exquisitely super-fatted variety of toilet detergent, and calculated not to irritate even the most delicate and sensitive skins, will shortly be put on the market in myriads of fragrant tablets.

There were once two young fellows of Cambridge,
Who too freely indulged in that game, Bridge,
And lost all their cash;
But they made a good splash
By jumping at once from the same bridge.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE NEXT EDITION OF THAT MOST VALUABLE EDUCATIONAL MANUAL, "THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE."—Q. What proof have we that the celebrated beauty of her day, CLEOPATRA Queen of Egypt, was an uneducated person? A. Because only once in her life she used an asp-irate, and died of it immediately.

RAPID SCORING.—"The Gentlemen had about four minutes' batting, and in that time lost two wickets for fifty-four runs."
—*Leicester Daily Post*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MANY Englishmen have travelled in Holland, and have set down the record of their experiences. But the country has not been inspiring, and Dutch travels are poor reading." Thus Mr. E. V. LUCAS in one of his thoughtful asides. A *Wanderer in Holland* (METHUEN) has broken the record, removed the reproach. My Baronite has not for a long time read a more delightful book. Many passages recall the style of Mr. LUCAS's revered master, CHARLES LAMB. To be precise it is an amalgam of *Elia* and the modern special correspondent in search of human character and local colour. Accompanying the Wanderer by barge and train, the reader insensibly acquires vivid impressions of our ancient enemy the Dutch, and of the country ANDREW MARVELL savagely described as

Holland that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' offscouring of the British sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
Or what by ocean's slow alluvion fell
Of shipwreck cockle and the muscle shell.

The picture galleries have special attraction for the Wanderer, who not only discourses on their treasures but adds value to his volume by reproducing by photogravure thirty-four masterpieces. Having read all that has been written about Holland, Mr. LUCAS boldly, with happy effect, annexes passages from MOTLEY and others which cause to live again historic episodes relating to the town in which he chances to be sojourning. Holland is an ancient country, rich in historic associations. The Wanderer has added to it a new charm.

In *Alton of Somasco* (JOHN LONG) Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS has given us a striking romance. The protagonist is a fine manly character, intrepid, straightforward, generous; of rough material to be softened by love, and to be planed by civilised society. The perilous situations in which he, with a few devoted friends, finds himself, are admirably described. The gradual development of the best qualities in the heroine, *Alice Deringham*, a girl who in her first phase is quite unworthy to be the wife of *Alton of Somasco*, is cleverly worked out, although the result is not convincing, as the future of so radically selfish and essentially vain a woman as is *Alice* when she becomes the wife of this genuinely honest man, is a problem which only the author, in a continuation of their story on their return as landed proprietors to England, might satisfactorily solve. There are faults in style to which it is needless to draw attention when recommending, as the Baron heartily does, this story as a powerfully written and thoroughly interesting romance.



The Headless Man again.

Stock-jobber (to new Irish clerk, who is working out the Bull and Bear list). Hullo, why do you put "B" against your results?

Clerk. Shure, Sir, that's for "Bull," to distinguish them from "Bear."

MOTOR ARITHMETIC.—"Licences have been granted for 2,435 motor-cycles in France this year. This is 7,611 more than in 1904."—*Portsmouth Evening News*.